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STEPHEN KING'S N.



MARVEL
LIMITED SERIES
4 of 4
PARENTAL ADVISORY

MARC GUGGENHEIM • ALEX MALEEV

STEPHEN KING'S

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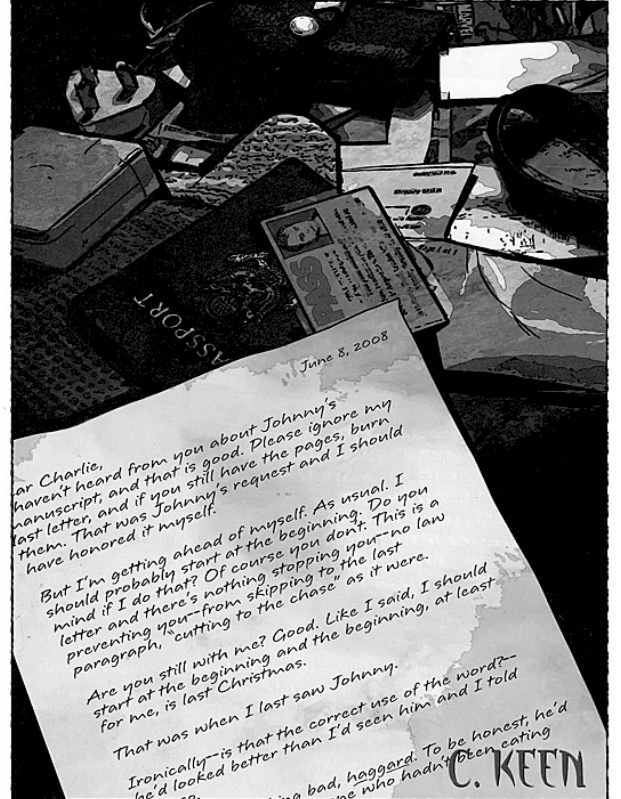
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1. REPORT TYPE DEATH		MOTTON SHERIFF'S DEPARTMENT POLICE INCIDENT REPORT	
2. CRIME CODE SECTION OR TYPE OF INCIDENT Suicide		3. REP PHONE NA	4. BUSINESS PHONE NA
5. LAST NAME, FIRST NAME, MIDDLE Bonsaint, John		6. DATE INCIDENT REPORTED 2/5/2008	
7. ADDRESS WHERE INCIDENT OCCURRED Arrowscaggia River, near Bale Road.			

8. NARRATIVE SECTION

Received calls from residents reporting a body in the river beneath Bale Road Bridge. White male, aged 30-40 years. According to the attached Coroner's report, C.O.D. was a subdural hematoma as a result of trauma to the head. Coroner has ruled the death a suicide, given evidence of a car parked on the bridge above. According to identification found on the body, the deceased was a John Bonsaint, a psychoanalyst from Portland. Several locals recognized the man's photo, saying he'd visited Motton several times over the last few months, and seemed particularly concerned with the rock formation, just a few miles beyond the bridge. Contacted his next of kin, a sister, Sheila LeClaire. Ms. LeClaire reported that the deceased's behavior over the last year had been erratic. She mentioned that his bizarre tendencies seemed to stem from a patient of his who committed suicide last July, a man ~~named~~ referred to only as "N." Coroner noted that this does little to offer an explanation for the suicide, since madness isn't contagious.

10. REPORT OFFICER 	11. BADGE 4135	12. DIV. 1NW	13. APPROVED BY 	14. BADGE 0622	15. DIV. 1NW	16. DATE 2/5/08	17. TIME 11:37 AM
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June 8, 2008

Dear Charlie,
I haven't heard from you about Johnny's
manuscript, and that is good. Please ignore my
last letter, and if you still have the pages, burn
them. That was Johnny's request and I should
have honored it myself.

But I'm getting ahead of myself. As usual. I
should probably start at the beginning. Do you
mind if I do that? Of course you don't. This is a
letter and there's nothing stopping you--no law
preventing you--from skipping to the last
paragraph, "cutting to the chase" as it were.

Are you still with me? Good. Like I said, I should
start at the beginning and the beginning, at least
for me, is last Christmas.

That was when I last saw Johnny.

Ironically--is that the correct use of the word?--
he'd looked better than I'd seen him and I told
him bad, haggard. To be honest, he'd
been eating

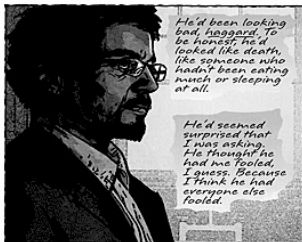
C. KEEN



That was when I last saw Johnny.

Ironically--is that the correct use of the word?--he'd looked better than I'd seen him and I told him so.

YOU'RE BACK. THAT'S GOOD. I WAS WORRIED.



He'd been looking bad, haggard. To be honest, he'd looked like death, like someone who hadn't been eating much or sleeping at all.

He'd seemed surprised that I was asking. He thought he had me fooled, I guess. Because I think he had everyone else fooled.



But Johnny confided in me, as he always could and often did.

I HAD A SORT OF CRISIS THIS SUMMER AND FALL.

A CRISIS OF THE SPIRIT, YOU MIGHT CALL IT.



AS LONG AS IT WASN'T CANCER, JOHNNY. THAT'S WHAT I WAS AFRAID OF.

Ironically, that's when I first thought of reaching out to you about Johnny, back when I thought he was dying of cancer.

I wanted to tap your medical expertise, then.



CANCER! YOU THOUGHT I HAD-- HAL--CANCER, THAT'S FUNNY. THAT WOULD BE FUNNY.

BUT I DOUBT EVEN THE GREAT CHARLIE KEEN COULD PROVIDE MUCH OF AN INSIDE TRACK ON BEATING THE BIG C.



SPEAKING OF CHARLIE, DO YOU REMEMBER WHY WE USED TO CALL THE BALE ROAD BRIDGE THE FAIL ROAD BRIDGE?

TALKING OF CHARLIE, OF COURSE, NOSTALGIA.

WHAT MADE YOU THINK OF THAT?

WELL?





We know that now, don't we?

Johnny had obviously been plagued by more than just a "crisis of the spirit" as he had called it.

But knowing that didn't provide any answers.

No, it just created more questions.



What was this crisis of the spirit?

What did Johnny mean by that?

Of course, all this is just another way of asking the same question that everyone who's lost a loved one to suicide asks: WHY?



I needed closure (that's the word Johnny would have used).



I told myself I was only going as far as the Fall Road Bridge--

--to see the place where we all had so many happy times as kids, the place where he ended his life when the happy times ran out.

But of course the mind under my mind--where, I'm sure Johnny would claim, we are all pretty much alike--knew better.



Why else did I take the key?



Because it was there, in his study.

Not in the same drawer where I found the manuscript, but in the top one--the one above the knee-hole.

Would I have sent you the key with the manuscript if I'd found them both in the same place?

I don't know.

I don't.

But I'm glad, on the whole, at the way things turned out.

Because you might've been tempted to go out there.

Simple curiosity might have drawn you, or possibly something else.

Something stronger.

But don't worry about me.

I'm fine.

And even if I'm not, I can do the math.

Sheila LeClaire has 1 husband and 1 child.

Charlie Keen-- according to what I read in Wikipedia--has 1 wife and 3 children.

Hence, you have more to lose.

Under no circumstances come back here.

And if you haven't read that manuscript, ignore that, too.

Put all this down to a woman hysterical over the unexpected loss of her brother.

There's nothing out there.

Just some rocks.

I saw with my own eyes.

I swear there's nothing out there, so stay away.

"I SAW WITH MY OWN EYES."

"I SWEAR THERE'S NOTHING OUT THERE..."

June 2, 2008







"THERE'S A RED-EYE I CAN
CATCH TO NEW YORK."

"IT LEAVES JUST
AFTER SUNSET."

"THEN I CAN TAKE
AMTRAK UP TO MAINE."

"I'LL BE BACK IN
LESS THAN A WEEK."



"LIKE I SAID,
JOHNNY AND SHEILA
WERE OLD FRIENDS."



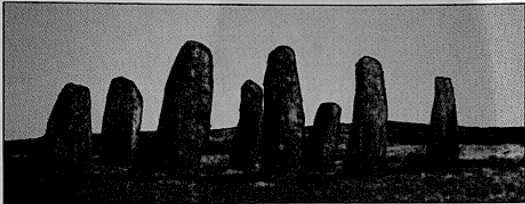
"AND I THINK THIS ARTICLE,
WELL, IT COULD BE A KIND OF
TRIBUTE TO THEIR MEMORY."

"I KNOW THAT
SOUNDS TRITE."

"BUT I'M TRYING TO
EXPLAIN TO YOU JUST
HOW IMPORTANT
THIS IS TO ME."



MEDICINE MATTERS



A River Runs Near It

Might An Innocent Field In Maine Be Responsible For Three Suicides?

BY CHARLES KEEN, M.D.

As hard as it may be to imagine in a world where every square inch is viewable via satellite thanks to Google, there are still places on Earth—even of America—that remain uncharted. Ackerman's Field, located near Motton, in rural Maine is one such place.

Unless you, like me, grew up in Maine, you've probably never even heard of Motton, a modest town of less than 15,000 living souls. Motton, like much of rural Maine, exists only on certain maps—too small to rate its own mention. However, it rests comfortably on the east side of the Androscoggin River, the waterway which carries current from the Magalloway River in New Hampshire through to the Kennebec River of Maine and out into the Atlantic.

On the outskirts of town rests the small, unremarkable field locally known—for you won't find it on any map—as "Ackerman's Field." Named for its earliest known owner, Andrew Ackerman, the field is roughly five acres by seven acres, combining for a total square acreage of 35 acres—a number considered "bad" by those who have been known to have frequented it recently.

At this point, you might be wondering how any number could be good, bad or any other quality. Numbers, after all, are just numbers, aren't they? Well, not if you consider that numerology is a deeply rooted means of divination—as deeply rooted as tarot card and palm reading, at least. Seven is considered lucky, while 13 is not. In China, 99 is considered a "lucky" number. 126 is a number considered "lucky" by many Jews because it is a multiple of 18 which is the numeric value of the Hebrew word for "life."

Now, one would be completely justified in dismissing the foregoing as worthless superstition, but recent events may suggest otherwise. In the United States, approximately 32,000 people commit suicide each year. In the past year, however, three of those people have each been documented traveling to Ackerman's Field. And that's not all they have in common. All three individuals apparently suffered from a form of OCD—Obsessive Compulsive Disorder—despite never having shown symptoms of OCD before last year.

Before, they each visited Ackerman's Field.

Now, one might be tempted to write this off to coincidence. I should also note, in full disclosure, that two of the three suicides

were brother and sister. (Further disclosure: I grew up with both of them. However, while you might want to dismiss that familiarity as the reason for some lack of objectivity on my part, consider that such familiarity places me in a position to firmly state that, to my trained medical eye, neither had any tendency towards OCD before last year.)

Thus, you have three suicides each linked by three rare qualities: First, that before last year none had ever been to Ackerman's Field. Second, over the span of the past year all three made the trip. And third, before visiting the field none had displayed any OCD-like symptoms or tendencies.

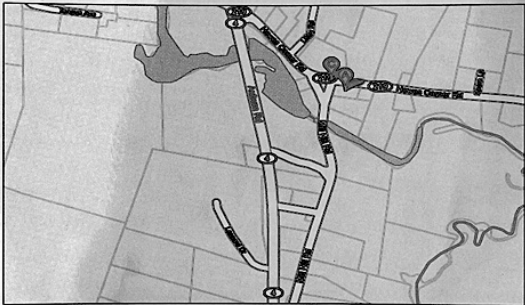
Still have doubts? That's understandable. But consider this additional piece of information: Remember Andrew Ackerman? The first documented owner of Ackerman's Field? Newspaper accounts from 1911 show that Mr. Ackerman also committed suicide—though, unfortunately, not before shooting and killing his wife and daughter. Ackerman's only living relative was a niece, Norma Acker, who inherited the property when she was just one year old. The Field was held in trust

for her until she turned eighteen. The public record of what happened next is sketchy, but the residents of Motton that I spoke to would admit to "ghost stories" about an elderly woman who lived in a ramshackle cabin on the outskirts of town in the woods which surround Ackerman's Field.

I never could find that cabin, but I admit I didn't try particularly hard. Ackerman's Field is a truly frightening place, a place where time appears to freeze and sound disappears to the point where you have to strain to hear even the rustle of leaves and strain even more to hear the quiet singing of birds. The sky, set on fire by the setting sun, looks as if it's bleeding and one is assaulted by the overwhelming instinct not to tarry too long in the patchy, thigh-high greenery.

And maybe that's what happened to Mr. Ackerman and those who came to the field after him: Maybe they tarried too long and found themselves caught in the grip of some kind of geo-specific psychological tide. Hypothetical though that mistake may be, I decided I would be wise not to repeat it.

As would you.



JULY 1, 2008



NOT YOUR
BEST WORK,
CHARLIE.

GEE,
THANKS.

PLANNING
ON WRITING A
SEQUEL?

EXCUSE
ME?



ARE YOU
PLANNING ON
WRITING A
SEQUEL?

CHRISSEY TOLD
ME YOU ASKED
HER TO BOOK YOU
ANOTHER FLIGHT
EAST.

WITH A TRAIN
TICKET TO
MAINE.



OH, THAT.
JUST TAKING
SOME PERSONAL
TIME.

BACK IN
MAINE.

IT'S WHERE
I GREW UP,
BARBARA.

YOU'RE
GOING BACK
THERE.



HOME?

YEAH, I HAVEN'T
BEEN BACK IN A WHILE.
WELL, I MEAN, NOT SINCE
LAST MONTH, YES, BUT
THAT WAS WORK.

I DIDN'T EVEN
GET A CHANCE TO
VISIT JOHNNY AND
SHEILA'S GRAVES,
PAY MY RESPECTS.



BUT YOU'RE
PLANNING ON GOING
BACK TO THAT FIELD,
AREN'T YOU?

WOW.
ACCUSATORY
MUCH? JEEZ...

YOU DON'T LOOK
WELL.



I'M TIRED. I WAS PULLING ALL-NIGHTERS TO GET THAT BLOOD SUGAR STORY IN ON DEADLINE.

WHICH DON HAD TO DO A PAGE-ONE REWRITE ON ANYWAY--

IT'S HARD TO MAKE HYPOGLYCEMIA INTERESTING--



LOOK, I'M GLAD YOU'RE TAKING SOME TIME. YOU LOOK LIKE YOU COULD USE IT. BUT--

--AND I CAN'T BELIEVE I'M SAYING THIS OUT LOUD--

--BUT I'M WORRIED.



YOU'RE WORRIED...

I'M NOT THE ONLY ONE, CHARLIE. YOUR WIFE CALLED ME--

YOU SPOKE TO DEB?

--SHE CALLED ME AND SHE'S WORRIED ABOUT YOU, TOO. SHE'S WORRIED YOU MIGHT BE USING AGAIN--



I'M NOT. BUT THANKS TO YOU AND DEB FOR THE VOTE OF %53%%ING CONFIDENCE.

CHARLIE--

I'M FINE.



WHAT, YOU THINK I'VE CAUGHT SOMETHING-- SOME WHAT--FROM A %53%%ING FIELD?

C'MON, THAT'S INSANE. I ONLY WROTE ABOUT IT BECAUSE IT WAS A GOOD STORY.

BUT THAT'S ALL IT IS. A STORY.



IF WE'RE DONE WITH THE STAR CHAMBER B.S., I'VE GOT A PLANE TO CATCH...

July 2, 2008

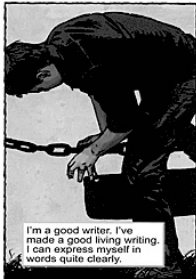


This is my fault.

I'm writing this in the hope that it will explain everything.

But I know it won't. I know it can't.

ABSOLUTELY NO TRESPASSING!



I'm a good writer. I've made a good living writing. I can express myself in words quite clearly.



But there's no way I'll ever be able to explain--not fully or adequately, at any rate--why I killed ten people and then shot myself.



My only hope is that the answer will be self-evident.



I did it to stop the madness.



Funny, that sounds like that fitness guru, Susan Powter (sp?). That tough trainer bitch who was always like, "Stop the Madness."



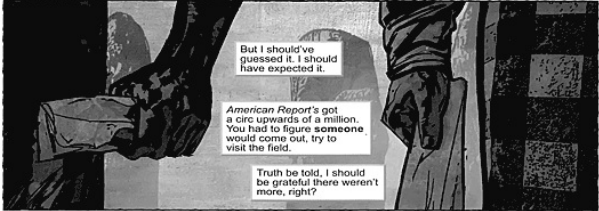
But like Susie, I had to be tough. I had to take action, nip this in the bud.



I didn't plan on it, obviously. How could I have?



It's not like I knew they'd be there.



But I should've guessed it. I should have expected it.

American Report's got a circ upwards of a million. You had to figure **someone** would come out, try to visit the field.

Truth be told, I should be grateful there weren't more, right?

A black and white comic panel showing a man from the chest up. He is holding a handgun to his face with his right hand, looking directly at the viewer with a serious expression.

And once I saw
them, I knew what
I had to do.

A black and white comic panel showing a man from the chest up. His head is tilted back, his mouth is wide open in a shout, and his eyes are closed. There are some dark, splatter-like marks around his head.

I know what you're
probably thinking now.

A black and white comic panel showing a man from the chest up. He is holding a handgun with both hands, aiming it forward. His expression is focused and intense.

I mean, apart from, "This guy is fruitier than
a nutcake." YOU'RE PROBABLY THINKING
IF I DIDN'T KNOW THEY'D BE THERE--

--WHY DID I BRING
THE GUN?

A black and white comic panel showing a man from the chest up. He is holding a handgun, aiming it. There is a bright muzzle flash coming from the barrel of the gun.

GOOD QUESTION.
I BROUGHT IT IN
CASE THINGS
DIDN'T WORK OUT.

IN CASE I WENT BACK TO THE
FIELD AND THE MADNESS--MY
OWN MADNESS--DIDN'T STOP.

A black and white comic panel showing a man from the chest up. He is holding a handgun, aiming it. There is a bright muzzle flash coming from the barrel of the gun.

I DIDN'T WANT TO END UP LIKE JOHNNY
OR SHEILA OR N. I WANTED TO JUMP RIGHT
TO THE LAST PAGE OF THE STORY. "CUT TO
THE CHASE," AS IT WERE.



So the gun was
meant for me.

But I only need one
bullet for that.



The rest I used
for them.



I'm sorry. I'm
so sorry.



But it was the
only way.



IF YOU SAW THIS PLACE, IF
YOU TOUCHED THE STONES,
IF YOU SAW WHAT I DID



YOU'D UNDERSTAND





THE REST I USED FOR THEM.

I'M SORRY. I'M SO SORRY.

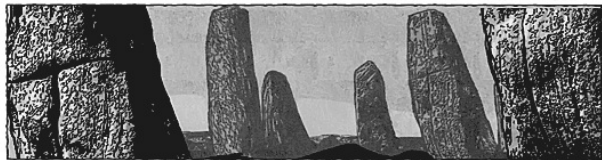
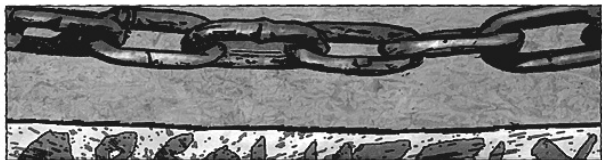
BUT IT WAS THE ONLY WAY.

IF YOU SAW THIS PLACE, IF YOU TOUCHED THE STONES, IF YOU SAW
WHAT I DID YOU'D UNDERSTAND



**ABSOLUTELY NO
TRESPASSING!**





MAPQUEST

Total Time

Merger

Exit

Merger

Ex

Up

R

Tu

H

American Report's got a circ upwards
of a million. You had to figure **someone**
would come out, try to visit the field.

Truth be told, I should
be grateful there weren't
more, right?

Time: 3 hours 57 minutes Total Distance: 273.62 miles

Go onto I-95 N toward NEW HAVEN (Portions toll).

WASHINGTON STREET NORTH.

Go onto RT-4 N.

at UPPER STREET NORTH.

per Street North becomes RT-117 N.

RT-117 North becomes N PARISH RD.

Turn RIGHT onto HOWES CORNER RD (Passing over BALE ROAD BRIDGE)

HOWES CORNER RD becomes RT-219

E. Exit RIVER ROAD SOUTH.

Proceed 1 mi south.

Turn Right onto UNMARKED ROAD.

END.

STEPHEN KING'S

ISSUE 4



SCRIPTBOOK

PAGE TWELVE (6 PANELS)

PANEL 1

New location. We're back in the American Report offices, but no longer in the conference room. Instead we're in CHARLIE'S OFFICE. The desk should match what we saw at the beginning of this issue (in the Chapter Heading Splash). Charlie sits at his desk. He's looking at something on his computer. He looks like hell. Much, much worse than when we first met him. Uh oh...

DATE LEGEND – JULY 1, 2008

PANEL 2

New angle. Barbara is walking in now. Holding up a copy of the American Report issue that Charlie's article was published in.

BARBARA – NICE PIECE.

CHARLIE – THANK YOU.

BARBARA – PLANNING ON WRITING A SEQUEL?

CHARLIE – EXCUSE ME?

PANEL 3

Favoring Barbara as she approaches Charlie's desk.

Accusatory.

BARBARA – ARE YOU PLANNING ON WRITING A SEQUEL? (cont'd)

CHRISSY TOLD ME YOU ASKED HER TO BOOK YOU ANOTHER FLIGHT EAST.

(cont'd)

WITH A TRAIN TICKET TO MAINE.

PANEL 4

CHARLIE – OH, THAT. JUST TAKING SOME PERSONAL TIME.

BARBARA (OFF-PANEL) – BACK IN MAINE.

CHARLIE – IT'S WHERE I GREW UP, BARBARA.

BARBARA (OFF-PANEL) – YOU'RE GOING BACK THERE.

PANEL 5

Charlie is standing up now to face Barbara.

Like an alcoholic who's been caught sneaking a drink.

CHARLIE – HOME? (cont'd)

YEAH, I HAVEN'T BEEN BACK IN A WHILE. WELL, I MEAN, NOT SINCE LAST MONTH, YES, BUT THAT WAS WORK. (cont'd)

I DIDN'T EVEN GET A CHANCE TO VISIT JOHNNY AND SHELIA'S GRAVES, PAY MY RESPECTS.

PANEL 6

Favoring Barbara. Standing her ground.

BARBARA – BUT YOU'RE PLANNING ON GOING BACK TO THAT FIELD, AREN'T YOU?

CHARLIE – WOW. ACCUSATORY MUCH? JEEZ...

BARBARA – YOU DON'T LOOK WELL.

END OF PAGE TWELVE



PAGE THIRTEEN (6 PANELS)

PANEL 1

Charlie is shrugging. Barbara doesn't look like she's buying the crap he's selling.

CHARLIE - I'M TIRED. I WAS PULLING ALL-NIGHTERS TO GET THAT BLOOD SUGAR STORY IN ON DEADLINE.

BARBARA - WHICH DON HAD TO DO A PAGE-ONE REWRITE ON ANYWAY

CHARLIE - IT'S HARD TO MAKE HYPOGLYCEMIA INTERESTING -

PANEL 2

Favoring Barbara. Genuine concern.

BARBARA LOOK, I'M GLAD YOU'RE TAKING SOME TIME. YOU LOOK LIKE YOU COULD USE IT. BUT - (cont'd)

- AND I CAN'T BELIEVE I'M SAYING THIS OUT LOUD - (cont'd)

- BUT I'M WORRIED.

PANEL 3

Charlie is starting to get a little angry now. He's busted, so he's starting to go on the offensive.

CHARLIE - YOU'RE WORRIED...

BARBARA - I'M NOT THE ONLY ONE, CHARLIE. YOUR WIFE CALLED ME -

CHARLIE - YOU SPOKE TO DEB?

BARBARA - SHE CALLED ME AND SHE'S WORRIED ABOUT YOU, TOO. SHE'S WORRIED YOU MIGHT BE USING AGAIN -

PANEL 4

Charlie is jabbing an angry finger in Barbara's face.

CHARLIE - I'M NOT. BUT THANKS TO YOU AND DEB FOR THE VOTE OF %\$#%ING CONFIDENCE.

BARBARA - CHARLIE -

CHARLIE - I'M FINE.

PANEL 5

Charlie has his arms spread. A bit manic. Definitely angry.

CHARLIE - WHAT, YOU THINK I'VE CAUGHT SOMETHING - SOME WHAT - FROM A %\$#%ING FIELD? (cont'd)

C'MON, THAT'S INSANE. I ONLY WROTE ABOUT IT BECAUSE IT WAS A GOOD STORY. (cont'd) BUT THAT'S ALL IT IS. A STORY.

PANEL 6

Charlie is storming past Barbara now, headed out of the office.

CHARLIE - IF WE'RE DONE WITH THE STAR CHAMBER B.S., I'VE GOT A PLANE TO CATCH...

END OF PAGE THIRTEEN



PAGE FOURTEEN (6 PANELS)

PANEL 1

New location. Back up in Maine. A RENTAL CAR (a different one than we saw last time) is driving down that now-familiar road. It's nearing SUNDOWN.

DATE LEGEND – JULY 2, 2008

This final section introduces a new type of caption. This is rasterized COMPUTER TEXT – like what you might see on the screen of a laptop.

COMPUTER TEXT – THIS IS MY FAULT.

PANEL 2

The car is pulling up to the NO TRESPASSING SIGN.

COMPUTER TEXT – I'M WRITING THIS IN THE HOPE THAT IT WILL EXPLAIN EVERYTHING. (cont'd) BUT I KNOW IT WON'T. I KNOW IT CAN'T.

PANEL 3

Charlie is stepping over the chain once again.

COMPUTER TEXT – I'M A GOOD WRITER. I'VE MADE A GOOD LIVING WRITING. I CAN EXPRESS MYSELF IN WORDS QUITE CLEARLY.

PANEL 4

Close on Charlie as he starts to make his way to the Field.

COMPUTER TEXT – BUT THERE'S NO WAY I'LL EVER BE ABLE TO EXPLAIN -- NOT FULLY OR ADEQUATELY, AT ANY RATE -- WHY I KILLED TEN PEOPLE AND THEN SHOT MYSELF.

PANEL 5

Charlie is near the Field Stones. Maybe one or two edge into the panel a little here, but there's SOMETHING ELSE--something we don't yet see -- that truly TERRIFIES him.

COMPUTER TEXT – MY ONLY HOPE IS THAT THE ANSWER WILL BE SELF-EVIDENT.

PANEL 6

Charlie's P.O.V. Standing in the center of the Stones (8 of them) are... TEN PEOPLE. Men and women. Various ages.

One of these people holds a SINGLE SHEET OF PAPER in his fist. (We won't see the paper until the end, but we should establish it here.)

COMPUTER TEXT – I DID IT TO STOP THE MADNESS.

END OF PAGE FOURTEEN



PAGE FIFTEEN (5 PANELS)

PANEL 1

Back on Charlie. He looks completely horrified. And insane. His mind is racing like mad.

COMPUTER TEXT – Funny, that sounds like that fitness guru, Susan Powter (sp?). That tough trainer bitch who was always like, “Stop the Madness.”

PANEL 2

Charlie is pulling out a snjall HANDGUN. (It can be any type you want, so long as it's a semi-automatic -- i.e., no barrel). He looks like he's acting outside of his body.

COMPUTER TEXT – But like Susie, I had to be tough. I had to take action, nip this in the bud.

PANEL 3

Back on the crowd. They look stunned and terrified.

COMPUTER TEXT – I didn't plan on it, obviously. How could I have?

PANEL 4

More of the crowd. They look confused. Why the eff is this guy pulling an effing gun on them?

COMPUTER TEXT – It's not like I knew they'd be there.

PANEL 5

New angle. We see that two or three of the people in the crowd are HOLDING copies of the issue of American Report that we saw Barbara holding in Page 12, Panel 2. (The idea being that these people came to the field because they'd read Charlie's article.)

COMPUTER TEXT – But I should've guessed it. I should have expected it. (cont'd)

American Report's got a circ upwards of a million. You had to figure someone would come out, try to visit the field. (cont'd)

Truth be told, I should be grateful there wasn't more, right?

END OF PAGE FIFTEEN



PAGE SIXTEEN (5 PANELS)

PANEL 1

Charlie is RAISING his gun level now.

COMPUTER TEXT – And once I saw them, I knew what I had to do.

PANEL 2

In the foreground, one of the crowd members is exploding, the bullet from Charlie's gun ripping clean through her chest. Charlie firing his gun in the background.

COMPUTER TEXT – I know what you're probably thinking now.

PANEL 3

Closer on Charlie pulling the trigger again.

COMPUTER TEXT – I mean, apart from, "This guy is fruitier than a nutcake." YOU'RE PROBABLY THINKING IF I DIDN'T KNOW THEY'D BE THERE (cont'd)

WHY DID I BRING THE GUN?

PANEL 4

Charlie firing twice more.

COMPUTER TEXT – GOOD QUESTION. I BROUGHT IT IN CASE THINGS DIDN'T WORK. (cont'd)
IN CASE I WENT BACK TO THE FIELD AND THE MADNESS – MY OWN MADNESS – DIDN'T STOP.

PANEL 5

Charlie firing two more times.

COMPUTER TEXT – I DIDN'T WANT TO END UP LIKE JOHNNY OR SHELIA OR N. I WANTED TO JUMP RIGHT TO THE LAST PAGE OF THE STORY. "CUT TO THE CHASE," AS IT WERE.

END OF PAGE SIXTEEN



PAGE SEVENTEEN (5 PANELS)

PANEL 1

Close on Charlie as he fires again. His face illuminated by the muzzle flash.

COMPUTER TEXT – SO THE GUN WAS MEANT FOR ME. (cont'd)
BUT I ONLY NEED ONE BULLET FOR THAT.

PANEL 2

Charlie is firing again. Remember the guy clutching the piece of paper? He's getting shot here and the paper is going FLYING.
COMPUTER TEXT – THE REST I USED FOR THEM.

PANEL 3

Another victim falls.

COMPUTER TEXT – I'M SORRY. I'M SO SORRY.

PANEL 4

And another.

COMPUTER TEXT – BUT IT WAS THE ONLY WAY.

PANEL 5

And two more. Bang. Bang.

COMPUTER TEXT – IF YOU SAW THIS PLACE, IF YOU TOUCHED THE STONES, IF YOU SAW WHAT I DID--

END OF PAGE SEVENTEEN



PAGE EIGHTEEN (5 PANELS)

PANEL 1

*Big panel. Wide shot. Looking down, maybe?
Charlie standing in the center of TEN
DEAD BODIES.
COMPUTER TEXT -- YOU'D
UNDERSTAND.*

PANEL 2

*Charlie is RUNNING away from the scene
now. Back in the direction of his car. He's
still gripping the gun.
NO DIALOGUE.*

PANEL 3

*Charlie is stepping back over the chain.
NO DIALOGUE.*

PANEL 4

*Charlie is opening the passenger side door.
NO DIALOGUE.*

PANEL 5

*Charlie is pulling a LAPTOP out from the
BAG resting on the passenger seat.
NO DIALOGUE.*

END OF PAGE EIGHTEEN



PAGE NINETEEN (5 PANELS)

PANEL 1

Charlie is sitting on the ground now. His back up against the car. The laptop resting on his legs. He's typing something. The gun rests on the ground next to him.

NO DIALOGUE.

PANEL 2

Reverse angle so that we're over Charlie's shoulder so that we can see what he's writing on the screen.

Just to be clear, he's writing the COMPUTER TEXT – that we'd seen earlier. This is the portion we see in this shot:

**THE REST I USED FOR THEM.
I'M SORRY. I'M SO SORRY.
BUT IT WAS THE ONLY WAY.
IF YOU SAW THIS PLACE, IF YOU
TOUCHED THE STONES, IF YOU
SAW WHAT I DID YOU'D
UNDERSTAND**

PANEL 3

Close on the gun now. Charlie's hand is EDGING into panel towards it.
NO DIALOGUE.

PANEL 4

The "No Trespassing" SIGN.
NO DIALOGUE.

PANEL 5

IDENTICAL TO Panel 4, but now the sign is splattered with BLOOD.
SFX – BLAM

END OF PAGE NINETEEN



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